



CHAS. E. REPUBLICAN—1917  
DAILY PUBLIC LEDGER—1918

MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1914.

ONE COPY—ONE CENT.



Ish Ka Bibble.

A man afraid of microbes most surely is a boob; He is a mollycoddle, a mossback and a rube. We've fussed with 'em for forty years without one vain regret— We've kissed each time we had a chance, and the mikes ain't got us yet.

Yesterday morning Mr. Charles Asbury of near Fernleaf brought in for shipment East, a bunch of 131 spring lambs that were about the finest ever seen here.

The pupils of the Eighth Grade under Mrs. Ball and Miss Harbeson presented the High School with two beautiful statues, one representing Mercury, the other one victory. It was thought to place them on the newel posts, but as they are two fine works of art, perhaps they will be placed in the Auditorium.



### LET UNCLE SAM GIVE YOU THE FACTS

Government reports show the steady output of coal during the last few years has made the dealers push for wider markets. We are going to get more trade—your trade—by giving you a greater value for your money. You will never get out of debt unless you buy wisely.

### MAYSVILLE COAL CO.

PHONE 145.

James B. Cray, the new Postmaster at Millersburg, receives an increase in salary from \$1,400 to \$1,500 a year.

## WHEN YOU WANT LUMBER

or anything in building material, don't fail to get our prices before buying. We will give you the same quality for less money, or better quality for the same money. We are building our business with that reputation. We have as near a complete stock as you can find, and can load a house complete on the same day order is received. Get our price and you will leave your order.

**The Mason Lumber Co. Inc.**  
Cor. Second and Limestone Sts. Phone 519. MAYSVILLE, KY.  
A. A. McLAUGHLIN. L. N. BEHAN.

### BIG 3 IN STOCK OF FOUNTAIN PENS

Waterman, Conklin and Holland. Fit your hand and fit your purse. Self-filling and regular types. The best Fountain Pen, Holder and Bottle of Ink for \$1. Satisfaction guaranteed. Start the Graduate with a good tool.

### J. T. KACKLEY & CO.

Mrs. John Snider of Newton, Ohio, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Higgins, and sister, Mrs. Louis Naden.

Mrs. Dave Ashmore and granddaughter of Georgetown, Ohio, have returned home after a visit to her mother, Mrs. Higgins, and sister, Mrs. Louis Naden.

Mr. George T. Barbour, Assistant Cashier of The Bank of Maysville National Banking Association of this city, has returned from a business trip to Louisville.

All new designs in Wall Paper and Rugs at HENDRICKSON'S.

**DESIRABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.**  
If not sold privately, I will offer for sale at public auction on Thursday, June 11th, the house located at No. 1418 East Second street, opposite car barns. House has seven rooms, two halls, is practically new and in good repair. Good out-buildings; also two good lots on corner Broadway and East Second street.

H. G. HOLIDAY.

## WALL PAPER!

Now is the time to do your wall papering and painting. Come in. We can show you just what you need. We have a full line of Wall Papers, Paints, Enamels, Etc. See our line before buying.

**CRANE & SHAFER,**  
PHONE 452. COX BUILDING.

Banker J. Elgin Anderson of Dover was here yesterday on business.

### BIG SUIT FILED

Against the Late M. C. Kirk's Estate—Mrs. Elizabeth M. Kirk Wants \$21,000 for Alleged Rent.

Elizabeth Kirk vs. E. T. Kirk as executrix of Morris C. Kirk, deceased, Morris C. Kirk, Susie Smoot, Minnie Thompson, Anna Norris, Hattie Norris, Matilda Norris, Pauline Norris, Ruth Norris, Mary Vernon Norris, Anna Triplet Calvert, Elizabeth Calvert, Minnie Boyd Dohyus, Anna Boyd Smoot, Susan Pollitt, Alfred Soward, Jr., and Wash Lyons, is the style of suit filed yesterday in the Circuit Court.

The plaintiff, Elizabeth M. Kirk seeks to recover judgment against E. T. Kirk as executor of M. C. Kirk, deceased, for \$21,000 rent, on certain portions of land set forth and described in her petition.

She also wishes to be adjudged the owner and be entitled to possession of the land described in her petition.

### MAYSVILLE LOSES

To Ironton in a Ten-Inning Contest—Pinch Hitter Jackley Scores a Runner With Single.

Ironton, Ohio, June 5.—It took ten innings for the local team to win over Maysville today. Jackley, pinch hitter, delivered a timely blow in the tenth which turned the tide. The score:

MAYSVILLE	ABR	H	P	O	A	E
Badel, rf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Chapman, lf	4	0	0	4	0	0
Curtis, 3b	4	0	0	0	1	0
Emery, ss	3	0	0	0	2	0
Donovan, cf	4	1	1	1	0	0
Dieterich, 2b	4	0	0	7	2	0
Barrett, lb	4	0	2	11	0	0
Bohr, c	3	0	1	5	0	0
Sanford, p	4	0	0	0	5	0
Griffin	1	0	0	0	0	0

TOTALS ..... 36 1 5x29 10-0  
Ironton ABR H P O A E  
Kendall, rf ..... 5 0 0 2 0 0  
Kelly, cf ..... 5 1 1 0 0 0  
Bell, lf ..... 4 1 2 4 0 0  
Pezold, 3b ..... 4 0 3 2 5 0  
Smith, 1b ..... 4 0 1 12 0 0  
McDaniels, c ..... 3 0 0 3 0 0  
Nally, 2b ..... 4 0 1 6 2 1  
Clausner, ss ..... 4 0 0 0 3 0  
Haggerty, p ..... 4 0 0 0 3 0  
\*Jackley ..... 1 0 1 0 0 0

TOTALS ..... 38 2 9 30 15-1  
\*Batted for Gohr in 10th.  
\*Batted for McDaniels in 10th.  
xTwo men out when winning run was scored.  
Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10  
Maysville ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0-1  
Ironton ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1-2  
Two base hit—Badel. Stolen bases—Emery. Double plays—Clausner to Nally to Smith, Pezold to Smith. Struck out—By Haggerty, 2; Sanford, 6. Base on balls—Off Haggerty, 3; off Sanford, 4. Time—2:10. Umpire—Kahn.

## OUR LINE OF HOME GROWN VEGETABLES

is fresh every day.

Call and see our line or phone us. We carry a good selection of the best.

## DINGER BROS., Leading Retailers 107 W. Second St.

Dr. J. A. Spencer was a business visitor in Lexington, Thursday.

Today is the last day for discount on June 1st Gas bills.

Mr. Thomas A. Davis will leave Monday for a few weeks' stay at Martinsville, Ind., for the benefit of his health, which is gradually improving.

Mr. George J. Thomas of the Maysville Brick Company, returned yesterday from a business trip in Cincinnati.

### MASON COUNTY COURT.

Myrtle Gibson of Dover was appointed guardian of Lucile Gibson, a minor. She qualified as such with J. Elgin Anderson as surety on bond.

## BEST SPRING MEDICINE

that money can buy is OXY-TONIC. It tones up the system and builds up your general health. Absolutely the best blood purifier you can get. Excellent for children, for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, liver and kidney trouble.

\$1.00 QUART.

**M. F. WILLIAMS & CO. THE THIRD STREET DRUGSTORE.**

## D. HECHINGER & CO.

Maysville's Best Clothing and Men's and Boys' Shoe Store.

When you buy underwear or shirts don't overlook us. The largest lines in Town—if you want to buy the best \$1 shirt in the World ask for the "ECLIPSE" "we sell thousands of them to satisfied customers".

\$12 to \$15 is about the price the economic man pays for a Suit of Clothes. "At these prices we show wonderful values", from the number we sell we know they are appreciated. From \$20 to \$30 we show a line of Suits that are works of art, they are worn by our best dressers.

"To keep our tailors employed we will make a limited number of custom Suits at liberal price concessions".

## D. HECHINGER & CO.

Mrs. Mary Marsh was in Lexington Thursday to attend the commencement at State University, from which her son, Neal, was a graduate. Mr. Marsh was one of six honor graduates of the class.

### CARLISLE NOTES.

(Carlisle Mercury.)  
Mrs. Jennie Baird of Maysville is visiting Mrs. W. S. Potts.

home in Cincinnati after a visit to relatives here.

Farris Brothers went to Maysville the first of the week to accept a position with the Home Telephone Company at that place.

## Farmers, Look!

The important feature of any transplanter is the valve mechanism. Examine the Improved Tiger. The valve on this transplanter has a flat rubber cut-off and 1 1/4 hose that insures plenty of water. The Tiger makes the farmer absolutely independent of the weather. He sets his tobacco when he gets his ground ready and it makes no difference whether the soil is dry or moist. This machine was designed primarily for the purpose of enabling the farmer to transplant, irrespective of seasonable conditions. At the same time, it is constructed to make planting more rapid and accurate. You can't go wrong in buying a Tiger. They will "deliver the goods." If you are too busy to come in, 'phone us and we will give you the names of some of your neighbors who are delighted Tiger owners.

## MIKE BROWN,

THE  
SQUARE DEAL MAN.

Mr. Harry F. Otto is home from State University, Lexington, to enjoy his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry F. Otto of East Second street.

### MEETING OF C. W. B. M.

The C. W. B. M. will meet this afternoon at 3 o'clock with Mrs. R. A. Carr.

### TOBACCO CROP NEARLY ALL PLANTED.

The rains and the favorable tobacco season this week have enabled the farmers to set out about all of their tobacco crops. The plants set out now have a good start and the prospect is bright for a large crop.

## Wall Paper, Paint, Rugs.

The Hendrickson Paint Co.,  
52 W. SECOND ST., AND 204 SUTTON ST.



Col. Henry P. Chenuault of Birmingham, Ala., is here for a visit with relatives.

Mrs. Charles Kautz of Georgetown, Mo., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Naden.

Mrs. John Newman of St. Louis is visiting Mrs. J. R. Carpenter and sister, Hattie Crowell.

Miss Margaret Devine left yesterday enroute for several weeks' visit with relatives in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Boyton of Madison, Wisconsin, passed through this city yesterday enroute to Flemingsburg to visit relatives.

Mrs. C. H. Scholte and niece, Miss Lottie Turnipseed of Cincinnati are visiting friends and relatives in this city and county.

Mrs. John Altmeyer and son, Robert, are spending a week with the family of her sister, Mrs. J. J. Fitzgerald, at Lexington.

Miss Margaret Owens has returned from Hollins, Va. where she has been attending the Hollins Seminary for the past year.

### MAIL US ONE DOLLAR

We will send you four pounds of C. & G. Special Coffee. This coffee is a fine trade builder because of its fine cup quality. Packed in a fine TOWEL BAG. Mail \$1 today.

13c 43.

GEISEL &amp; CONRAD

## Stylish Sunshades

We chose the old-fashioned word sunshade because it so aptly describes the comfort you'll secure beneath the shelter of these pretty parasols. In addition you'll have protection for complexion and hat at such a trifling outlay—\$1.97. Parasols that couldn't be duplicated for \$2.50 to \$4. A manufacturer's samples.

Beautiful designs. No two parasols alike, you can count on something distinctive.

Colors to harmonize perfectly with any costume.

See display in East Window.

1852

HUNT'S

1914

Mrs. John M. Rains and daughter, Miss Marie Rains of Avondale, Cincinnati, are here to enjoy the summer months and have apartments with Mrs. Sarah Power in East Third street. Miss Jessica Rains will join her mother and sister here in a few days.

Miss Tura Turner has returned from a pleasant visit with friends at Foxport.

Mrs. Jas. B. Wood was in Cincinnati on business yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith and Dr. and Mrs. Myers of Georgetown, Ohio, will spend Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Louis Naden.

Misses Nathalie Wood and Frances Geisel have returned from State University, Lexington.

Judge and Mrs. A. M. J. Cochran will attend the Hager-Wulsin wedding at Ashland tonight.

## DOUBLE STAMPS Again Saturday

Last Saturday being Memorial Day, prevented lots of our good Country Friends from coming to Maysville.

For their benefit we are going to offer the same bargains as offered last Saturday with

## DOUBLE STAMPS

Everybody should be happy now after the glorious rain. Watch the crops grow.

## MERTZ BROS.



# The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon

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## SYNOPSIS.

Challis Randall is found murdered in a road house near New York. Mrs. Randall is summoned from the city and identifies the body. A young woman who accompanied Randall to the inn and subsequently disappeared, is suspected. Mrs. Randall starts back for New York on the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Randall. Feeling that the girl had done her a service in ridding her of the man who though she loved him deeply, had caused her great sorrow, Mrs. Randall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home. Mrs. Randall hears the story of Hetty Glynn's life, except that portion that relates to Randall. This and the story of the tragedy she forbids the girl ever to tell. She offers Hetty a home, friendship and security from peril on account of the tragedy. Mrs. Sara Randall and Hetty attend the funeral of Challis Randall at the home of his parents. Sara Randall and Hetty return to New York after an absence of a year in Europe. Leslie Randall, brother of Challis, makes himself useful to Sara and becomes greatly interested in Hetty. Sara sees in Leslie's infatuation possibility for revenge on the Randalls and reparation for the wrongs she suffered at the hands of Challis Randall by marrying his daughter into the family. Leslie, in company with his friend Brandon Booth, an artist, visits Sara at her country place. Leslie confesses to Sara that he is madly in love with Hetty. Sara arranges with Booth to paint a picture of Hetty. Booth has a haunting feeling that he has seen Hetty before. Looking through a portfolio of pictures by an unknown English artist he finds one of Hetty. He speaks to her about it. Hetty declares it must be a picture of Hetty Glynn, an English actress, who resembles her very much. Leslie Randall becomes impatient and jealous over the picture painting and declares he is going to propose to Hetty at the first opportunity. Much to his chagrin Leslie is refused by Hetty. Sara, between whom and Hetty a strong mutual affection has grown up, tries to persuade the girl that she should not let the tragedy prevent her from marrying.

## CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"You do know it, don't you?" he went on.

"I—God knows I don't want you to love me. I never meant that you should—," she was saying, as if to herself.

"I suppose it's hopeless," he said dumbly, as her voice trailed off in a whisper.

"Yes, it is utterly hopeless," she said, and she was white to the lips.

"I—I shan't say anything more," said he. "Of course, I understand how it is. There's some one else. Only I want you to know that I love you with all my soul, Hetty. I—I don't see how I'm going to get on without you. But I—I won't distress you, dear."

"There isn't anyone else, Brandon," she said in a very low voice. Her fingers tightened on his in a sort of desperation. "I know what you are thinking. It isn't Leslie. It never can be Leslie."

"Then—then—," he stammered, the blood surging back into his heart—"there may be a chance—"

"No, no!" she cried, almost vehemently. "I can't let you go on hoping. It is wrong—so terribly wrong. You must forget me. You must—"

He seized her other hand and held them both firmly, masterfully.

"See here, my—look at me, dearest! What is wrong? Tell me! You are unhappy. Don't be afraid to tell me. You—you do love me?"

She drew a long breath through her half-closed lips. Her eyes darkened with pain.

"No. I don't love you. Oh, I am so sorry to have given you—"

He was almost radiant. "Tell me the truth," he cried triumphantly. "Don't hold anything back, darling. If there is anything troubling you, let me shoulder it. I can—I will do anything in the world for you. Listen: I know there's a mystery somewhere. I have felt it about you always. I have seen it in your eyes. I have always sensed it stealing over me when I'm with you—this strange, bewildering atmosphere of—"

"Fush! You must not say anything more," she cried out. "I cannot love you. There is nothing more to be said."

"But I know it now. You do love me. I could shout it to—" The miserable, whipped expression in her eyes checked this outburst. He was struck by it, even dismayed. "My dearest one, my love," he said, with infinite tenderness, "what is it? Tell me!"

He drew her to him. His arm went about her shoulders. The final thrill

of ecstasy bounded through his veins. The feel of her! The wonderful, subtle, feminine feel of her! His brain reeled in a new and vast whirl of intoxication.

She sat there very still and unrelenting, her hand to her lips, uttering no word, scarcely breathing. He waited. He gave her time. After a little while her fingers strayed to the crown of her limp, rakish Panama. They found the single hatpin and drew it out. He smiled as he pushed the hat away and then pressed her dark little head against his breast. Her blue eyes were swimming.

"Just this once, just this once," she murmured with a sob in her voice.



"Some Day You Will Tell Me—Every—thing?"

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"Just this once, just this once," she murmured with a sob in her voice.

Her hand stole upward and caressed his brown cheek and throat. Tears of joy started in his eyes—tears of exquisite delight.

"Good God, Hetty, I—I can't do without you," he whispered, shaken by his passion. "Nothing can come between us. I must have you always like this."

"Che sara, sara," she sighed, like the breath of the summer wind as it sings in the trees.

The minutes passed and neither spoke. His rapt gaze hung upon the glossy crown that pressed against him so gently. He could not see her eyes, but somehow he felt they were tightly shut, as if in pain.

"I love you, Hetty. Nothing can matter," he whispered at last. "Tell me what it is."

She lifted her head and gently withdrew herself from his embrace. He did not oppose her, noting the serious, almost somber look in her eyes as she turned to regard him steadfastly, an unwavering integrity of purpose in her depths.

She had made up her mind to tell him a part of the truth. "Brandon, I am Hetty Glynn."

He started, not so much in surprise as at the abruptness with which she made the announcement.

"I have been sure of it, dear, from the beginning," he said quietly.

Then her tongue was loosed. The words rushed to her lips. "I was Hawright's model for six months. I posed for all those studies, and for the big canvas in the academy. It was either that or starvation. Oh, you will hate me—you must hate me!"

He laid his hand on her hair, a calm smile on his lips. "I can't love and hate at the same time," he said. "There was nothing wrong in what you did for Hawright. I am a painter, you know. I understand. Does—does Mrs. Randall know all this?"

"Yes—everything. She knows and understands. She is an angel, Brandon, an angel from heaven. But," she burst forth, "I am not altogether a sham. I am the daughter of Colonel Murtagh, and I am cousin of all the Murtaghs—the poor relation. It isn't as if I were the scum of the earth, is it? I am a Castleton. My father comes of a noble family. And Brandon, the only thing I've ever done in my life that I am really ashamed of is the deception I practiced on you when you brought that magazine to me and faced me with it. I did not lie to you. I simply let you believe I was not the—the person you thought I was. But I deceived you—"

"No, you did not deceive me," he said gently. "I read the truth in your dear eyes."

"There are other things, too. I shall not speak of them, except to repeat that I have not done anything else in my life that I should be ashamed of." Her eyes were burning with earnestness. He could not but understand what she meant.

Again he stroked her hair. "I am sure of that," he said.

"My mother was Kitty Glynn, the actress. My father, a younger son, fell in love with her. They were married against the wishes of his father, who cut him off. He was in the service, and he was brave enough to stick. They went to one of the South African garrisons, and I was born there. Then to India. Then back to London, where an aunt had died, leaving my father quite a comfortable fortune. But his old friends would have nothing to do with him. He had lived—well, he had made a hell for my mother in those frontier posts. He deserted us in the end, after he had squandered the fortune. My mother made no effort to compel him to provide for her or for me. She was proud. She was hurt. Today he is in India, still in the service, a martinet with a record for bravery on the field of battle that cannot be taken from him, no matter what else may befall. I hear from him once or twice a year. That is all I can tell you about him. My mother died three years ago, after two years of invalidism. During those years I tried to repay her for the sacrifice she had made in giving me the education, the—"

She choked up for a second, and then went bravely on. "Her old manager made a place for me in one of his companies. I took my mother's name, Hetty Glynn, and—well, for a season or a half I was in the chorus. I could not stay there. I could not," she repeated with a shudder. "I gave it up after my mother's death. I was fairly well equipped for work as a children's governess, so I engaged myself to—"

She stopped in dismay, for he was laughing.

"And now do you know what I think of you, Miss Hetty Glynn?" he cried, seizing her hands and regarding her with a serious, steadfast gleam in his eyes. "You are the pluckiest, sandest girl I've ever known. You are the kind that heroines are made of. There is nothing in what you've told me that could in the least alter my regard for you, except to increase the love I thought could be no stronger. Will you marry me, Hetty?"

She jerked her hands away, and held them clenched against her breast.

"No! I cannot. It is impossible, Brandon. If I loved you less than I do, I might say yes, but—no, it is impossible."

His eyes narrowed. A gray shadow crept over his face.

"There can be only one obstacle so serious as all that," he said slowly. "You—you are already married."

"No!" she cried, lifting her pathetic eyes to his. "It isn't that. Oh, please be good to me! Don't ask me to say anything more. Don't make it hard for me, Brandon. I love you—I love you. To be your wife would be the most glorious—No, no! I must not even think of it. I must put it out of my mind. There is a barrier, dearest. We cannot surmount it. Don't

ask me to tell you, for I cannot. I—I am so happy in knowing that you love me, and that you still love me and I have told you how mean and shameless I was in deceiving—"

He drew her close and kissed her full on the trembling lips. She gasped and closed her eyes, lying like one in a swoon. Soft, moaning sounds came from her lips. He could not help feeling a vast pity for her, she was so gentle, so miserably hurt by something he could not understand, but knew to be monumental in its power to oppress.

"Listen, dearest," he said, after a long silence; "I understand this much, at least: you can't talk about it now. Whatever it is, it hurts, and God knows I don't want to make it worse for you in this hour when I am so selfishly happy. Time will show us the way. It can't be insurmountable. Love always triumphs. I only ask you to repeat those three little words, and I will be content. Say them."

"I love you," she murmured.

"There! You are mine! Three little words bind you to me forever. I will wait until the barrier is down. Then I will take you."

"The barrier grows stronger every day," she said, staring out beyond the tree-tops at the scudding clouds. "It never can be removed."

"Some day you will tell me—everything!"

She hesitated long. "Yes, before God, Brandon, I will tell you. Not now, but—some day. Then you will see why—why I cannot—" She could not complete the sentence.

"I don't believe there is anything you can tell me that will alter my feelings toward you," he said firmly. "The barrier may be insurmountable, but my love is everlasting."

"I can only thank you, dear, and—love you with all my wretched heart."

"You are not pledged to some one else?"

"No."

"That's all I want to know," he said, with a deep breath. "I thought it might be—Leslie."

"No, no!" she cried out, and he caught a note of horror in her voice.

"Does he know this—this thing you can't tell me?" he demanded, a harsh note of jealousy in his voice.

She looked at him, hurt by his tone. "Sara knows," she said. "There is—"

"No!"

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bring her home with you?" asked Sara, as they moved off in the direction of the porch.

"She seemed to be taking Brandy out for his morning exercise," said he. "Far be it from me to—"

"She repressed the start of surprise. She thought Hetty was alone."

"She will bring him in for luncheon, I suppose," she said, carefully, although there was a slight contraction of the eyelids. "He is a privileged character."

It was long past the luncheon hour when Hetty came in, flushed and warm. She was alone, and she had been walking rapidly.

"Oh, I'm sorry to be so late," she apologized, darting a look of anxiety at Sara. "We grew careless with time. Am I shockingly late?"

She was shaking hands with Mrs. Redmond Randall as she spoke. Leslie and Vivian stood by, rigidly awaiting their turn. Neither appeared to be specially cordial.

"What is the passing of an hour, my dear," said the old lady, "to one who is young and can spare it?"

"I did not expect you—I mean to say, nothing was said about luncheon, was there, Sara?" She was in a pretty state of confusion.

"No," said Leslie, breaking in; "we butted in, that's all. How are you?" He clasped her hand and bent over it. She was regarding him with slightly dilated eyes. He misinterpreted the steady scrutiny. "Oh, it will all peel off in a day or two," he explained, going a shade redder.

"When did you return?" she asked. "I thought tomorrow was—"

"Leslie never has any tomorrows, Miss Castleton," explained Vivian. "He always does tomorrow's work today. That's why he never has any troubles ahead of him."

"What rot!" exclaimed Leslie. "Where is Mr. Booth?" Inquired Sara. "Wouldn't he come in, Hetty?"

"I—I didn't think to ask him to stop for luncheon," she replied, and then hurried off to her room to make herself presentable.

Hetty was in a state of nervous excitement during the luncheon. The encounter with Booth had not resulted at all as she had fancied it would. She had betrayed herself in a most disconcerting manner, and now was more deeply involved than ever before. She had been determined at the outset, she had failed, and now he had a claim—an incontestable claim against her. She found it difficult to meet Sara's steady, questioning gaze. She wanted to be alone.

After luncheon, Leslie drew Sara aside.

"I must say she doesn't seem especially overjoyed to see me," he growled. "She's as cool as ice."

"What do you expect, Leslie?" she demanded with some asperity. "I can't stand this much longer, Sara," he said. "Don't you see how things are going? She's losing her heart to Booth."

"I don't see how we can prevent it."

"By gad, I'll have another try at it—tonight. I say, has she said—anything?"

"She pities you," she said, a malicious joy in her soul. "That's akin to something else, you know."

"Confound it all, I don't want to be pitted!"

"Then I'd advise you to defer your try at it," she remarked.

"I'm mad about her, Sara. I can't sleep, I can't think, I can't—yes, I can eat, but it doesn't taste right to me. I've just got to have it settled. Why, people are beginning to notice the change in me. They say all sorts of things. About my liver, and all that sort of thing. I'm going to settle it tonight. It's been nearly three weeks now. She's surely had time to think it over; how much better everything will be for her, and all that. She's no fool, Sara. And do you know what Vivian's doing this very instant over there in the corner? She's inviting her to spend a fortnight over at our place. If she comes—well, that means the engagement will be announced at once."

Sara did not marvel at his assurance in the face of what had gone before. She knew him too well. In spite of the original rebuff, he was thoroughly satisfied in his own mind that Hetty Castleton would not be such a fool as to refuse him the second time.

"It is barely possible, Leslie," she said, "that she may consider Brandon Booth quite as good a catch as you, and infinitely better looking at the present moment."

"It's this beastly sunburn," he lamented, rubbing his nose gently, thinking first of his person. An instant later he was thinking of the other half of the declaration. "That's just what I've been afraid of," he said. "I told you what would happen if that portrait nonsense went on forever. It's your fault, Sara."

"But I have reason to believe she will not accept him, if it goes so far as that. You are quite safe in that direction."

"Gad, I'd hate to risk it," he muttered. "I have a feeling she's in love with him."

Vivian approached. "Sara, you must let me have Miss Castleton for the first two weeks in July," she said serenely.

"I can't do it, Vivian," said the other promptly. "I can't bear the thought of being alone in this big old barn of a place. Nice of you to want her, but—"

"Oh, don't be selfish, Sara," cried Vivian.

"You don't know how much I depend on her," said Sara.

"I'd ask you over, too, dear, if there weren't so many others coming. I said Mr. Burns. 'Lecoc, late one night, was pursuing his lawless way when, from a dark, mysterious-looking house set in a weed-grown

"I say, Sara," broke in Leslie, "you could go up to Bar Harbor with the Williamsons at that time. Tell her about the invitation, Vivian."

"It isn't necessary," said Sara coldly. "I scarcely know the Williamsons. She hesitated an instant and then went on with sardonic dismay: 'They're in trade against 'em, you know.'"

"That's nothing against 'em," protested he. "Awfully jolly people—really ripping. Ain't they, Viv?"

"I don't know them well enough to say," said Vivian, turning away. "I only know we're all snobs of the worst sort."

"Just a minute, Viv," he called out. "What does Miss Castleton say about coming?" It was an eager question. Much depended on the reply.





SYNOPSIS.

Joseph Hayward, an ensign in the United States army, on his way to Fort Harmer, meets Simon Girty, a renegade whose name has been connected with all manner of atrocities, also headed for Fort Harmer, with a message from the British general, Hamilton. Hayward guides him to the fort. At General Harmer's headquarters, Hayward meets Rene D'Auway, who professes to recognize him, although he has no recollection of ever having seen her before. Hayward volunteers to carry a message for Harmer to Sandusky, where Hamilton is stationed. The northwest Indian tribes are ready for war and are only held back by the refusal of the friendly Wyandots to join. The latter are demanding the return of Wa-pa-tee-tah, a religious teacher, whom they believe to be a prisoner. Hayward's mission is to assure the Wyandots that the man is not held by the soldiers. Rene asks Hayward to let her accompany him. She tells him that she is a quarter-blood Wyandot and a missionary among the Indians. She has been in search of her father. She insists that she has seen Hayward before, but in a British uniform. Hayward refuses her request and starts for the north accompanied by a scout named Brady and a private soldier. They come on the trail of a war party and to escape from the Indians take shelter in a hut on an island. Hayward finds a murdered man in the hut. It proves to be Rene D'Auway, a former French officer who is called by the Wyandots "white chief." Rene Denors and Hayward are puzzled by her insistence that they have met before.

## CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

How white her face was in the starlight, uplifted to mine. One hand grasped my sleeve.

"News! evil news! of my father?"

"Of Rene D'Auway; he was your father?"

"Yes! you say 'was' he is dead?"

I caught the groping hand in mine, and held it tightly in the grasp of my fingers. She made no movement, but I could distinguish her quick breathing, see her dark eyes.

"Yes; you must listen quietly while I tell you all I know. We reached here at dusk. There was a band of Indian raiders camped yonder near the foot of the lake, and so we crossed over to this island to avoid them. We stumbled upon this hut while seeking a camping spot. It was dark, and apparently deserted. The front door was latched, but unlatched, and we ventured inside, feeling our way through the gloom, until we came to a door leading into the rear room. You know the arrangement?"

She did not respond, or remove her eyes from my face.

"When we opened this huge mass of timber leaped savagely at us. In the darkness he fastened his jaws on Brady's arm—the scout with me—and had to be killed by a knife thrust. Then we procured a light with which to search, and found the body of a man lying on the floor."

"Dead?"

"Murdered; his head crushed in from behind with an ax. He was an old man, with snow-white beard."

"How did you know he was Rene D'Auway?"

"By this medal pinned to his breast," I answered, holding it forth, "a French decoration."

She grasped it, bending her head so as to see better, and, for a moment, her slender form shook with an emotion she could not restrain. Involuntarily I rested a hand upon her shoulder, and the touch aroused her, and she stepped back, standing erect.

"The medal was his; he always wore it. But was that all? Was nothing else found?"

"There was a red army jacket flung across a box; but while we were eating later in the other room, someone stole in through the back door, and carried that away."

She raised her hands to her head, with a gesture of despair.

"I believe part of what you have told me," she confessed, her voice

rest once more upon the motionless figure lying near the wall, which Brady had mercifully covered with a blanket. She stood still, her hands clasped, her face like marble. Still holding the candle in one hand, I bent down, and drew back gently the edge of the blanket, exposing the dead man's face and white beard. In spite of his violent death the features were composed, in no way distorted; he appeared like one lying there asleep. For a moment the girl never stirred, her attitude strained, her wide-open, tearless eyes on the peaceful upturned countenance. It seemed to me she had even ceased to breathe. Then she sank slowly upon her knees beside the body, her head close to the cold cheek.

"Father! Father!" she sobbed, as if in sudden realization of the truth. "It is you!"

Her head had fallen to the floor, and her wealth of dark hair unloosed completely hid her face. She had forgotten my presence; everything but her grief, I drew back silently, stuck the sputtering candle on a box, where it burned bravely, and left the room. As I glanced back from the doorway, odd shadows flickered along the walls, and she still knelt there, a vague, indistinct figure. In the other room I found a chair, and sat down, staring dumbly into the smoldering fire.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mademoiselle's Story.

In the silence, the gloom of that room lit only by those smoldering embers, with Schultz sleeping undisturbed against the wall, my thought could not be divorced from the lonely girl sobbing above her dead. Was she of dual nature, womanly and savage by turn, as the instincts of two races dominated her action? Yet this could never account for her distrust of me, her continued insistence upon having previously known me. Ay! and she meant it! There was no attempt at deceit, no acting in all this; her full faith in the charge was written upon her face, found echo upon her lips. She believed me to be another man, a pretended British officer, a traitor to her people, a scoundrelly spy. Yet she applied to him my name. That was the strangest part of it all.

Even as I started toward the open door the girl herself appeared, outlined against the candle flame. She had bound up the loosened strands of hair, and her dark eyes, dry and tearless, looked straight at me. I doubt if she saw Schultz at all as she came forward, stopping only as her hand finally touched the table. As I watched her, my earlier determination died within me; I could only wait in silence for her to speak.

"Joseph Hayward," she said slowly, the words rasping a little with her effort at self-control. "You confess to that name, do you not?"

"Yes, mademoiselle," I answered, my lips dry, my eyes riveted on her face.

"Yet you still claim not to be the same Joseph Hayward whom I have known?"

"I am an ensign in the army of the United States, and have never worn a red coat."

She smiled, but the smile was not altogether pleasant. Then she said slowly, "Very well; he it is then. I do not in the least believe you, but am going to speak exactly as if I did. I am a girl, alone, and must turn to you for help. It makes no difference now if I am of Indian blood and ancestry, I am here alone with you. I have got to trust you, rely upon your word, ask your aid. You claim to know nothing of me, or mine. That there may be no possible mistake I will tell you—tell you about him," she pointed backward with her hand, her voice breaking, "and—about myself. You shall know all, and then you will dare pretend ignorance no longer. Listen, monsieur. The man lying dead yonder—murdered—was my father."

She leaned forward, resting her hands on the table, for support, the veins in her throat throbbing.

"I wish you would at least confess a knowledge of my tongue," she almost pleaded. "It is not in English I think, monsieur, and it is difficult for me to speak in that language."

"It would be a pleasure to confess anything that would aid you," I replied politely. "But I possess small understanding of French."

Her eyes darkened indignantly, and she made a forceful gesture indicative of her true thought of me.

# The Mail of the Forest

RANDALL PARRISH  
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## A CASE OF TRESPASS

By JULIA KOPP.

The elder Martins were reading in the library when they were startled by the sound of angry voices from the little den across the hall.

"Fred, I believe the boys are quarreling," exclaimed Mrs. Martin, laying down her magazine and hastily rising from her chair.

"Well, dear, what if they are?" said Martin. "It isn't our affair. Sit down, Lucy and let them quarrel in peace."

"Quarrel in peace! How ridiculous! I think we ought to stop them."

"I don't. If they have a little dispute they should be allowed to settle it without our interference. We must learn to give them a little independence."

Mrs. Martin resumed her reading, but in a moment was on her feet again.

"Now, Lucy, sit down," said her husband, "and let the kids fight their own battles. If there isn't a cessation of hostilities in ten minutes I'll agree to your going in and calling a halt, although I think it would be better to let them come to a finish now and be done with it." Martin rose and, walking casually toward the door that led into the hall, quietly opened it.

"I think there's no harm, however, in our knowing what the row is. Listen, there to our eldest."

"Yes, I suppose you think you'll be the whole thing if you queer me," Jack was saying. "But I won't stand for it. I say you shan't go there. Do you get me?"

"I should worry. I don't think it's any of your business where I go. I've got as good a right to call on girls as you have, Jack Martin," returned Fred, Jr., lustily. "You're not exactly my boss."

"Maybe I'm not and maybe you've got a right to call on girls, even if you haven't been in long pants a year yet, but I won't have you calling on me."

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Red Cross Ball Blue makes the laundress happy, makes clothes whiter than snow. All good grocers. Adv.

A snake should have a snake's instincts. It will not be credited with possessing other attributes, anyway.

Worms expelled promptly from the human system by Dr. Foery's Vermifuge "Dead Shot." Adv.

Some orators make their best point when they come to a stop.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes color in cold water. Adv.

A druggist may be a social failure and yet a good mixer.

## W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

Men's \$2.00 to \$5.00  
Women's \$1.50 to \$4.00  
Misses, Boys, Children \$1.00 to \$2.50

Begin Business in 1874  
The maker of \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 shoes, world's best shoe, in the world.

INCREASE in the value of W. L. Douglas shoes in 1913 over 1912.

This is the reason you give the new value for \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00 and \$6.50 notwithstanding the fact that the quality of the shoes is the same. Our standards have not changed. We have improved the price to you remains the same.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

From genuine leather, hand made, stamped on the bottom. If W. L. Douglas shoes are not the sole in your vicinity, order direct from factory. Shoes for every member of the family at all prices, prompt service. Write for illustrated catalog showing how to select your shoes.

210 Spark Street, Brockton, Mass.

## PATENTS

Watson H. Coleman, Wash- ington, D. C., Patent Office. Give references. Best results.

W. N. U., CINCINNATI, NO. 22-1914.

## Nervous Women

Are troubled with the "Blues"—anxiety—sleeplessness—and warnings of pain and distress are sent by the nerves like flying messengers throughout body and limbs. Such feeling may or may not be accompanied by headache or dizziness. The local disorders and inflammation, if there is any, should be treated with Dr. Pierce's Lotion Tablets. Then the nervous system and the entire womanly make-up feels the tonic effect of

### DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

Take this in liquid or tablet form and be a well woman!

Mrs. Eva Tyler of St. Geneva St., Ithaca, N. Y., says: "I have been in a run-down condition for several years. Suffered from nervousness and a great deal of pain in certain parts of my body. Just recently even became faint and lost consciousness. I had been taking your Favorite Prescription for some time and it has given me the most relief of any thing I have ever tried. Am very much better than I have been in some time. I gladly recommend this remedy to any woman in need of a tonic." Write Dr. J. C. Pierce, Boston, U. S. A.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate stomach, liver, bowels

In Girlhood Womanhood Motherhood

## COLT DISTEMPER

Can be handled very easily. The paint is made, and all colors in one shade, no matter how bright or dark, and it is not necessary to use any other color. It is the longest of in use. Acts on the blood and expels germs of all kinds of diseases. Just recently even became faint and lost consciousness. I had been taking your Favorite Prescription for some time and it has given me the most relief of any thing I have ever tried. Am very much better than I have been in some time. I gladly recommend this remedy to any woman in need of a tonic." Write Dr. J. C. Pierce, Boston, U. S. A.

SPRING MEDICAL CO., Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

Exiled and lonely, abandoning all hope of ever returning to France, or even civilization, my father finally, to increase his influence with the tribe, took for a wife a woman of the Wyandots. Although I was born of that union, yet I never saw my mother, who died when I was but a babe. I am told she was of fair complexion, but jet black hair and eyes, the daughter of a French trader and Indian mother, able to read and write. My father loved her, and taught her much that he had learned in early life. When she died he seemed to change, to lose interest in the past, to cease to dream longer of Europe. He became more fully a Wyandot. I was brought up in the camps of the tribe, living in their wigwams, sharing in their prosperity and adversity. I played with Indian children, and was cared for by Indian women. I must have been ten years old, monsieur, before I first realized that I was mainly of white blood, of another race. Yet when this knowledge came it brought with it sudden ambition."

Her eyes were upon the fire now, and her voice had lost its harshness.

"I remember when I went to my father—it was in a camp on the shores of the great lake—and made him tell me more of his own life and the life of my mother. What he said opened before me a fairland. I began to dream and hope. He taught me the French tongue, and all the scraps of learning his memory retained. He sent to Quebec for books, and we studied them together. When I was sixteen he sent me to Montreal, to the convent of the Ursulines, and I was there three years. Then, then the Indian blood conquered, and I came back. The woods called me, and my father, besides, she made the sign of the cross, "God called me to the work I had to do."

"An Indian missionary?"

"To my own people. No! I was of no order—what was that?"

She arose to her feet listening.

CHAPTER IX.

The Return of Brady.

There was utter silence, except for the heavy breathing of the soldier still sound asleep on the bench. I could distinguish no noise without.

"It was like a cry, faint from a distance," she said, at last, "but I hear nothing now. Did you catch it, monsieur?"

"I heard only your voice."

"Then I may have been deceived, although I have the ears of an Indian."

Some sound caused me to wheel about, and I faced Brady, who had just stepped within and closed the door. His gray eyes surveyed us in one swift glance, settling inquiringly on the girl, who had arisen to her feet. Schultz awakened, sat up on the bench, blinking sleepily.

"Brady?"

"Of course; and who have you here, Master Hayward? A woman surely, by dress Indian, and by face white."

"This is Mademoiselle D'Auway," I replied, not liking his manner of speech, "the daughter of the man we found here dead."

"She was not in the house when I left. Oh, I remember! The same chance who was at Fort Harmer, the one you told me about, and who threatened to follow us with Simon Girty. Truly, she must have kept her word, for that black renegade is here."

"Here! Girty? You saw him?"

"Ay! In the Indian camp out yonder. Nor was that all I saw. There is something savage on foot, or I am no woodsman. I thought those devils might have other quarry, and come back here to lie quiet in hiding, but I am not so sure now that we are not the ones sought. This girl belongs with them."

She stepped past me, and stood erect facing him, the dark eyes frankly meeting the gray.

"Yet I am not one of them," she said slowly in her careful English. "I am Wyandot; those you saw are Miami and Ojibwas, thieves and murderers. My people are Christian, and are not at war."

"You were with them; with Girty," he insisted, but in somewhat kinder tone. "You came here direct from their camp."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The vehicle moved away, and had proceeded a little distance down the road when its progress was checked by the headlong pursuit of the family servant, waving and calling incoherently. Hurrying and gasping she overtook the surprised mourners, and then her errand was revealed in the pithy sentences, "Yo mun turn back! Yo've forgotten th' corpse!"

And so, it appeared, they had—London Tit-Bits.

Doom Franklin House.

Another literary landmark is in the hands of the London housebreakers. No. 7 Craven street, which bears a tablet of the Society of Arts, announcing that Benjamin Franklin once lived there, has been marked for destruction in order to make room for a modern hotel. When Franklin went to London in 1757 as the agent of the American colonies, he secured permanent lodgings with a Mrs. Stevenson at this address and liked them so well that he retained them for almost 20 years.

LEFT THE PRINCIPAL BEHIND

Burial Party Entirely Forgot the Most Important Part of the Funeral Cortège.

To the northerner, only an enfeebled imagination turns in dismay from the story of the family, who, having lost their nearest relative, prepared to bury him with a due accompaniment of lamentations and baked meats. All was prepared, with the certain subdued festivity that marks such occasions in the north. The churchyard was some miles away, and it was agreed that the whole family, together with the coffin, were to be conveyed to the "burying" in a large hired bus. By degrees the bus began to "play lead" in the imaginations of all concerned.

It usurped the principal place in the coming drama, to the exclusion of the rightful player of the part. When the eventual day arrived the family bestowed themselves within its recesses in splendid, if solemn, triumph.

the Sound Caused Me to Wheel About,

bling. "It is in my heart to we all, but—I cannot. You not telling me the truth—not all truth. You knew of this house; you came here deliberately, and brought your men with you."

"I deny that, mademoiselle. We fled upon the place by accident."

"You drive me crazy with your lies!" she exclaimed passionately. "I not listen longer. You are liars; you admit that."

"No! do not talk to me, or to stop me! I am going to my father."

od aside and let her pass, yet as she entered the door. The was black, except for a slight gleam from a dying fire showing through the inner door. The lay in the middle of the she stopped, staring at the shadow.

"Bring the light," said gently, "you permit me to pass."

yellow flame illumined the room, her gaze descended to the

the Sound Caused Me to Wheel About,



# THE PUBLIC LEDGER

DAILY—EXCEPT SUNDAY, FOURTH OF JULY, THANKSGIVING AND CHRISTMAS.

A. F. CURRAN, Editor and Publisher.

Local and Long Distance Telephone No. 40. OFFICE—PUBLIC LEDGER BUILDING, MAYSVILLE, KY.

Entered at the Maysville, Ky., Postoffice as second-class mail matter.

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Six Months	1.00
Three Months	.50

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Per Month. 25 Cents

Payable to Collector at end of Month.

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS CASH IN ADVANCE.

We have been growing almost all the potatoes we have needed. For instance, the last two months of 1912, under a Republican tariff, only 41,000 bushels of potatoes were imported into the United States. In the last two months of last year, under a Democratic tariff, nearly 3,000,000 bushels of potatoes were brought into this country. This means that more than a million dollars which had been going into the pockets of American potato raisers were sent to foreign potato growers. It is reported that the foreign acreage of potatoes is to be doubled and hereafter increased year by year.

## A GREAT LIGHT GOES OUT.

The light of a kindly, gracious personality has gone out in the death of that illustrious Kentuckian, Senator Bradley. Even amidst his failing health, which those who loved him had been watching with apprehension for a year or two, his courage and his cheerfulness the sweetness of his nature never wavered.

He added to the joy of life even to the very end. It was Senator Bradley who always remembered the birthday of his friends and was the host and chief entertainer at countless little homelike celebrations in their honor. Children clung to him with devotion. His two closest chums were the small son and daughter of Representative John W. Langley, who lived just across the street from him. At his last birthday, a few weeks ago, the rooms of the famous Kentuckian both at the Capitol and at Falkstone Court were crowded with flowers and souvenirs and greetings.

Nobody could tell a story better than Senator Bradley, or sing a folklore song or dance a clog dance. There was magic in his fingers when he picked up his trusty banjo and guitar and twanged away at the good old home-grown tunes.

When Senator Bob Taylor, on his fiddle, and Senator Bill Bradley, on his guitar, got together and wove "My Old Kentucky Home," between them, eyes grew misty and hearts glowed.

Now, in another home, not made with hands, the two earthly chums are blending chords in the great celestial melody.

To Senator Bradley's beloved daughter, Christine, direct inheritor of her father's gracious personality, Washington, where she is known and loved from her schoolgirl days, holds out a hand of tender fellowship.—Daisy Titzhugh Ayres' Washington letter in Sunday's Courier-Journal.

## SAVINGS BANK DEPOSITS.

Never in my experience have I had to inform so many persons of the limit of deposits on which we pay interest," said the receiving teller of one of the largest savings banks in New York. "In the last few weeks several dozen accounts reached the \$3,000 limit and some of them were started a comparatively short time ago. New accounts are increasing in number every week. Thrift among all classes seems to have increased tremendously during the past year."

## DOC LANDIS SAYS: SHOOT MAN

### WHO ROCKS BOAT.

The man who rocks the boat received the editorial attention of Health Officer Landis, in the Health Bulletin, Wednesday. He said:

"The silly season has arrived for the man who rocks the boat. His friends should see to it that the attack of similes is cut short in the incipient stage. The village cut-up is one of the numerous varieties of men said to be necessary to make up the world. On dry ground he is an encumbrance; in a boat he is a dangerous nuisance. Having exhausted the supply of unloaded guns in his community, he turns lightly to aquatic sports for diversion.

"His sense of humor is perverted and calls for revision. Appoint yourself a committee of one to revise it.

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature. Up to date it has not been declared unconstitutional. Enforce it until you have been served with a writ of injunction.

"The man who rocks the boat grows fat on soft words of protest and the terror of women and children. The appeal should be direct; one that he can understand.

"In the absence of an automatic pistol, an oar, a boat, hook or a large, fully developed club covered with knots or studded with nails, applied locally, with the proper degree of force, will work nicely and permit every one to 'live happily ever afterward'."



FATHER WAS WISE.

Secretary of War Garrison, apropos of the revival in navy and army of Vice Admirals and Lieutenant Generals, said at a luncheon:

"This is largely a matter of diplomatic etiquette, a matter of elegance.

"Much goes by elegance nowadays, you know. I said recently to a multimillionaire who had risen from a plumber's apprentice to I don't know how many bank Presidents and interlocking directorates:

"Your women folks must be proud of you, since you are self-made."

"Yes," he answered, grimly. "Yes, they're about as proud of me as they'd be of a home-made dress."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Here is a Cheer Up item for us poor mutts who can't afford the Big Eat: Mushrooms cause Bright's Disease.

No matter how much confidence a man has in his wife, he always hates to have a male boarder around the house.

When a man finds out it isn't his house that is on fire he dismisses the matter from his mind. But a woman continues to speculate as to the probable consequences had her worst fears been realized.

The black tulip, hitherto a creation of the fancy, may at length be realized in nature. A florist in Europe has a tulip of so deep a blue that it may be mistaken for black, and it is said that this variety may be really black.

## BEREA COLLEGE

Closes Its 59th Year With 232 Graduates and An Enrollment of 1700—One of the Great Schools of the World.

The commencement exercises held Wednesday, June 27, mark the completion of the 59th year of Berea College. The history of this College is unique, tragic and glorious. It began in poverty and persecution, progressed through trials and tribulations and succeeded by the grace of God. The entire enrollment during the last year was over seventeen hundred (1700). There were students from nearly every county in the State, many of the States and from Canada, Cuba, Europe and China.

The graduating class consisted of 232 members who, not only are equipped mentally to combat the battle of life, but they are Christian men and women with excellent character and will be a power for good wherever they may go.

Berea College has added to the literary course a vocational department in which the young ladies are taught in all the intricacies of home making such as spinning, sewing, weaving, nursing and cooking in addition to their other accomplishments. The young men are taught carpentry, painting, agriculture, horticulture, dairying, printing, bookkeeping and stenography.

The motto of this department is that "you can teach the brain without teaching the hand, but you can not teach the hand without teaching the brain."

One of the most important things for parents to know about Berea College is that they can send their children to this College cheaper than they can keep them at home. Board is furnished to the pupils for \$1.35 to \$1.50 per week and other expenses are in like ratio.

C. G. DEGMAN.

## MAYSVILLE CHAUTAUQUA

Which Opens July 1st, Will Be In Charge of Harry C. Heffner—Other Drawing Cards.

The Maysville Chautauqua which is to open July 1st and continue for seven days, will have as its Superintendent, Harry C. Heffner, one of the leading representatives of the Redpath Chautauquas. The morning hour lecturer will be Dr. C. C. Mitchell, and the children's worker will be Miss Vivian Dittau.

Mr. Heffner was in the banking business for twelve years, and during that time he was a member of the Board of Education, and for several years president of the Commercial Club in his home city. Mr. Heffner is a representative of the Redpath Bureau in northern Ohio, and is one of the most competent superintendents in the field this season. He has a very pleasing personality, and is a young man of genial and affable manner.

Dr. Mitchell will give his "Ash Heap" lectures here during Chautauqua week. When he was a boy he committed to memory the entire book of Job, and he has become quite an authority on the life of that long-suffering Biblical character. He is not a mushroom or a meteor in platform work, but by grit and hard work he has won recognition as a man with a vital message.

Miss Dittau has studied in the Columbia School of Expression in Chicago, and as a story teller and director of children's games she has few equals. She has mapped out a program that is sure to interest the little folks of Maysville during Chautauqua week.

That public school children should be examined by a worthy physician as often as once or twice a week is one of the hobbies of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, who is to lecture at the Redpath Chautauqua here July 6 in the afternoon.

The necessity of watching the health of school children led Dr. Wiley to remark recently: "The healthy man, woman or child has the right-of-way in this generation and it should be ever the thought of the people to perpetuate the human race. No better way is there than first to look after the health."

"In my opinion it is the duty of the parent to have examinations of their children's health made frequently, when traces of harm can be caught in an instant and checked, saving loss of life, or ill health."

Dr. Wiley contends that teeth have as much to do with health, as has food. He declares that scholars with decayed teeth should not be allowed to remain in company with other children, as bad teeth are "catchy," as well as diseases. He also holds that there is no need of common diseases in school rooms, such as measles and whooping cough.

Dr. Wiley is to lecture at the Redpath Chautauqua on the afternoon of the sixth day. This will be one of the biggest attractions of the entire week.

Having Decided to Retire From Business, I Offer My Stock at

## Reduced Prices

BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKIES.

Old Taylor, full quart	95
Bulle of Nelson, full quart	90
Lancaster, full quart	85
Mellwood, full quart	83
Old Sam White, full quart	79
Old 56, full quart, 8 years old	87
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Old Time, full quart	84
Queen of Nelson, full quart	87
Van Hook, full quart	94

NOT BONDED.

Duffy's Malt Whisky, per bottle	90
3 Star Hennessy Brand per bot.	1.80
Rock-Eye, per quart	75

WINE.

Port, per bottle	35
Sherry, per bottle	40
Claret, per bottle	40
Puritan Belle, per bottle	50
Mumms Extra Dry, per pint	1.90
Cooks Imperial, per pint	85

WHISKIES IN THE WOOD.

\$4.00 Whisky, 8 yrs. old, per gal.	\$5.50
\$3.00 Whisky, 4 yrs. old, per gal.	2.50
\$4.00 Brandy, per gallon	3.50
\$3.00 Brandy, per gallon	2.50

Mail orders promptly shipped.

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A competition for cheapness, and not excellence of workmanship, is the most frequent cause of the rapid decay and entire destruction of the teeth.

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12:40 a. m.	12:50 p. m.
3:10 a. m.	1:30 p. m.
11:10 p. m.	3:50 p. m.
3:30 p. m.	4:15 p. m.

Daily Express Sunday H. S. ELLIS, Agent.

Chesapeake & Ohio Railway.

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TRAINS LEAVE MAYSVILLE, KY.

Westward—	Eastward—
6:30 a. m.	8:30 a. m.
8:15 p. m.	10:30 p. m.
5:30 a. m.	9:30 a. m.
7:50 p. m.	11:30 p. m.

Week-days local. 5:00 p. m. daily, local. W. WIKOFF Agent.

Saturday, June 8th, Will Be

# Bargain Day

At the New York Store

Our Sale Days Have Become Famous and the Bargains We Offer Cannot Be Received Elsewhere

## Ten Great Specials

Special No. 1—Ladies' fine white Dresses, \$2.49 and \$2.98.

Special No. 2—Children's new white Dresses 95c and \$1.49.

Special No. 3—Ladies' \$1 Muslin Skirts 69c.

Special No. 4—25c Crepes for Dresses 15c.

Special No. 5—Beautiful flowered Mattings 19c.

Special No. 6—Room-size Matting Rugs, 9x12, \$2.49.

Special No. 7—Ladies' fine Trimmed Hats 98c.

Special No. 8—Ladies' Vests best quality 85c.

Special No. 9—Ladies' 15c and 25c Hose, the best for the money anywhere.

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PAY CASH FOR YOUR RECORDS and \$1 per week on the Victrola and we will place this machine in your home. It has concealed sounding board, modifying doors, tapering tone arm and exhibition sound box.

NEW LINE OF VICTROLAS

\$15, \$25, 40, \$50, \$75, \$100, \$200

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CANE SEED

Plant a little patch of Cane and give your stock a treat next winter, and how it will make the cows increase the flow of milk. We have the Orange and Amber.

Try us for a Barrel of Flour—Roller King, Al Purity and Dewsies Best.

RAINS BROS. PHONE 191

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Gold Medal Flour

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If it is desired to make a boy look ridiculous, permit a woman to pick out his clothes.

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W. A. Wood & Bro.

Market Street. MAYSVILLE, KY.

All kinds of Fresh Meats. Cash paid for butchers' stock, hides and tallow.

MAX MIDDLEMAN

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## CORN

## BEANS

We have a good supply of CUT SHORT, LAZY WIFE and HORTICULTURAL.

All good ones. 15c a pint.

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& BRO.

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We have for sale at No. 919 E. Second St., a two story six-room house with halls on both floors, bath, gas and electric lights and in fact all modern improvements. House has just been redecorated and freshly painted, and can be said to be in perfect repair, therefore it will not be necessary to spend the price of a home before you can move in. There is a nice garden planted on the lot which goes with the place.

Possession within fifteen days after sale is made. If you want a home let us show you this one, and we feel sure you will buy it at the price—\$3,500.00.

Thos. L. Ewan & Co.

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MAYSVILLE, KY.

# Your Summer Shoes Are Here

Tomorrow is the day to buy your Summer Shoes and Oxfords.

White Shoes, Oxfords and Pumps for all occasions and for all mankind. We cannot fully impress upon you the splendor, the diversity of styles and magnitude of great values we are offering. It is absolutely necessary for you yourselves to be here and be convinced. Be here tomorrow without fail.



Men! We can save you big money on every pair you buy. Here you will find the very newest models in Patents, Tans and Gun Metal. The same shoes you have been paying \$3.50 for. Special at

\$2.49

Ladies' soft kid strap Slippers, made with flexible soles, a great value at 99c.

Infants Patent Baby Doll Pumps, two straps, worth 75c. Special 49c.

Men's \$2 Box Calf and Gun Metal Shoes at 1.49.

Men's \$3 Shoes and Oxfords—Tan, Gun Metal and Patent at 1.99.

Men's Scout Shoes. Tan and Black. None better for wear at 1.89.

Men's Ooze Outing Shoes, Tan and Black. Soft, easy shoe for summer wear 1.49.

Ladies' Mary Jane Pumps made on fashion's newest lines. Are now shown at other stores at \$2.50. Our price 1.66. Children's sizes, 5 to 8 99c. Children's sizes, 8 1/2 to 11 1.25. Misses' sizes, 11 1/2 to 2 1.39.

Ladies' New Creations, Colonial Pumps and Oxfords, worth \$3.

SPECIAL

\$1.99

DAN COHEN

INC



# GEM

## TODAY!

PERFORMANCES START  
DAILY AT 1 P. M.

MARY CHARLSON IN  
"SILENT TRAILS"  
One Reel Vitagraph Feature.  
"WHIFFLES PICKS A PARTNER"  
Pathe Comedy.  
PATHE WEEKLY NO. 36.—Current Events.

"THE PIRATES OF PEACOCK ALLEY"  
Selig Drama.  
"PAT'S REVENGE"  
Lubin Comedy.  
"SKYLARK"  
Valse Hesitation played by Bullett's Orchestra.

### We Hope to See You There

At the Central Presbyterian Church Sunday  
evening to hear

#### REV. R. L. BENN

deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon.

Ahoy!  
"A sailor bold I'd like to be,"  
I heard the farmer roar;  
"For I would like to plow the sea  
And then raise Cain on shore."

Jonas Weil recently sold his crop of  
bluegrass seed on his Bourbon farms  
to J. Sims Wilson, of Paris, at a price  
said to have been 63 cents per bushel  
for August delivery.

Aw, Gwan!  
The telephone girl sure looks swell,  
But she's no belle, I hold;  
For I know well that any bell  
Will ring as it is tolled.

Paw Knows Everything.  
Willie—Paw, why do the theaters  
close in summer and open in winter?  
Paw—Because eggs are 75 cents a  
dozen in winter, my son.

Fooey!  
Although I think that she is grand,  
She hates me, I can feel it;  
She's stole her heart against me, and  
I know that I can't steal it.

Argument was closed by the Govern-  
ment in its suit against the hard coal  
trust.

The feeling of sleepiness, when you  
are not in bed and can't get there, is  
the most disagreeable feeling in the  
world.

# Season Ticket Sale for Redpath Chautauqua

In arranging for a Redpath Chautauqua here this summer the local committee secured a thousand \$2.50 season tickets which will be sold for \$2.00 each.

When these tickets are gone no season tickets can be had for less than \$2.50. Also the price of season tickets will not be reduced from the first day to the close of the Chautauqua.

The single admissions to the various sessions of this Chautauqua will aggregate more than \$7.50, so it will pay you to buy a season ticket even after the program is half completed. Season tickets are not transferable, except within the owner's family.

Children's tickets, costing \$1.00 each, admit children aged from 6 to 14 years, inclusive. Admission to the special children's work is free.

For admission fees to the respective entertainments see the souvenir program, copies of which are now available.

## Eat Traxel's Bread



About all a man needs to get into so-  
ciety is a pleasing personality and even-  
ing clothes. But a woman must have  
money, family, application and perse-  
verance.

The Sutherland resolution, designed  
to lead to the submitting to arbitration  
of the canal tolls repeal question, was  
favorably reported by the Senate For-  
eign Relations Committee.

### DOVER'S ADVANTAGES.

(Dover News.)

With Dover's natural advantages in  
location, its high and ample bottom  
land, its 1,500-foot flowing well of nat-  
ural Blue Lick Water and natural ad-  
vantages of ingress and egress by rail  
and water, is bound to wake up and  
make a noise some day. Some day, when  
we old fellows, who have worn our  
selves out physically and financially try-  
ing to get capitalists to look on way,  
some far-sighted man or men who can  
see past the edge of a dollar, will start  
things going and become the "pion-  
eers" of the prettiest little town in the  
Middle West or any place else on earth.  
Now don't forget we said it.



### FERN LEAF.

"And what is so rare as a day in  
June."—J. R. Lowell.

Tobacco setting is being pushed by  
the farmers in this neighborhood.  
Mr. and Mrs. John Thompson have  
returned home from Ft. Thomas where  
they had been called to the bedside of  
their son Harry.

Mrs. Frank Schriver and little son  
of Georgetown, Ohio, are the guests  
of the family of Mr. Frank McPatrie.  
Several from here attended the basket  
dinner at Moransburg, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cosner and charm-  
ing little daughter Lillian Josephine  
returned home Monday after spending  
the decoration holidays with her pa-  
rents Mr. and Mrs. Casper Haughaboo.

### MUSES MILLS.

'Squire J. H. Muse has been sick.  
Several from here are attending Row-  
an Circuit court.

Sunday School is held here each Sun-  
day afternoon at 2 o'clock.  
James Erwin a stock man from Car-  
ter County was here last Sunday.  
Ye scribe, together with Herbert and

Ed Hinton, were business visitors at  
Morehead.  
Merchant Henry Gaines and wife of  
Goddard, attended memorial services  
here last Saturday.

Subscriptions are being taken here,  
to complete the new pike leading from  
Plummer's Landing to this place.

Mrs. Oma Carpenter of Waltz, Rowan  
County, who was accidentally shot re-  
cently by a shot gun shell is almost well.  
Deputy Sheriff F. B. Henderson of  
this place was the first of the week  
summoning witnesses for the Rowan  
County Circuit Court.

Mrs. Fleming Muse and son, Marvin,  
and little daughter, Lula, of North Fork,  
Mason County, spent last week at this  
place as the guests of Mrs. Lula Hin-  
ton and mother, who runs a hotel here.

Memorial day was observed here last  
Saturday in the usual manner, a large  
crowd being present and visitors coming  
from all parts of the community. Sev-  
eral old soldiers were present and with  
a score of soldier's sons, being led by  
Comrade George S. McKee gave a nice  
march and scattered flowers on the  
graves of their soldier and other friends  
who have passed on before. Evidence  
of much whisky was on hand but good  
order generally prevailed.

A man has his choice. He can either  
impose on the women or be imposed  
upon by them.

### ORCHESTRAL CLUB TO OPEN CHAUTAUQUA

Ziegler-Howe Artists To Play  
Here on Opening Day  
of Assembly

Patrons of the Redpath Chautauqua  
to be held here this summer will feel  
very grateful to the local committee  
for enabling them to hear on the open-  
ing day the Ziegler-Howe Orchestral  
Club.

The personnel of this club includes  
Frane Ziegler, the renowned violin  
virtuoso; Chas. T. Howe, eminent  
American flute virtuoso; Ferdinand  
Gardner, noted cellist; and Mabel Ab-  
bott, accomplished pianist and accom-  
panist.

The programs to be given by this  
company will be suited to all tastes.  
There will be a variety of solos, quar-  
tets, numbers from grand and comic  
operas, descriptive pieces, musical  
burlesques, and other selections written  
by the best composers.

The many years' experience of  
these artists in the theater, opera, and  
concert hall has given them a wide  
knowledge of the world's music and the  
ability to govern their selections in ac-  
cordance with the demands of the pub-  
lic.

### NOTES ON TUESDAY'S GAME WITH PORTSMOUTH.

(Portsmouth Times.)  
Outfielder Badel tried getting cute  
with Umpire Kuhn and was chucked  
out of the park. The middle gardener  
kept hurling slanderous stuff at the  
arbitrator from the bench and was  
put to route, pulling the wash boiler  
after him. Umpire Kuhn has given  
splendid satisfaction during his stay  
here. If all arbitrators were as square  
brave and competent as Mr. Kuhn there  
never would be a squawk from fans or  
players. Mr. Kuhn is a gentleman that  
knows his business and has the confi-  
dence of both the public and players. He  
will go home next season—put that  
down in your little note book.

Nick Carter showed that he was a  
hitter of much merit and power. In  
five trips to the plate he secured a walk,  
a double and two singles. The other  
time he was thrown out on a close in-  
field play. Carter goes down to first  
with the speed of a deer, and can step  
some at other times. Carter scored a  
couple of runs and drove in two others.  
So it will be seen that he had quite  
a hand in the humbling of his former  
teammates. However, Carter does not  
like to play the fan-field, although he is  
willing to try his best anywhere. Ditz  
was out of the game because of an in-  
jured wrist, which he secured in a col-  
lision with Shortstop Clouser Monday.  
He expects to be all right in a day or  
so.

Manager Ollie Chapman of the Mays-  
ville aggregation, came in for a lot of  
good natured kidding during yester-  
day's game. Three balls were hit into  
his territory that he should have block-  
ed down to singles, but Chapman seems  
to have a cast iron back which refuses  
to bend a tiny bit. The balls all rolled  
to the fence. Then Chapman had  
reached first on a bingle and in an ef-  
fort to rattle Teague was jumping up and  
down like a hound lawg about to get  
his feed. Munson, who is one of the  
wisest catchers in the country, signaled  
for a waste ball and Chapman was  
caught five feet off the sack. His  
mouth, which had been emitting wild  
shrieks and loud bellowing, closed like  
a mouse trap and he had but little more  
to say the rest of the p. m. It is said  
he took his coacher to task, but a man-  
ager who will allow himself to be nip-  
ped on an old moth-eaten play like  
that should not have a word to say—  
he should fire himself a month's salary.

Big reduction in Suits and Coats at  
Merz Bros.

Two prominent Cuban politicians  
were sentenced to twelve years in prison  
for the death of the Chief of Police  
last July.

About \$35,000 has been secured as an  
entertainment fund for the Saenger-  
fest, Louisville. The committee plans  
to secure \$50,000.

Allen Creech, who escaped from the  
Frankfort Reformatory April 6, has  
been arrested in Richmond, Va. He  
had been sent up from Breathitt for  
murder.

### JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

Which Is Better—Try An Experiment  
or Print by a Maysville Citizen's  
Experience.

Something new is an experiment.  
Must be proved to be as represented.  
The statement of a manufacturer is  
not convincing proof of merit.  
But the endorsement of friends is.  
Now supposing you had a bad back,  
A lame, weak, or aching one.  
Would you experiment on it?  
You will read of many so-called  
cures.  
Endorsed by strangers from faraway  
places.  
It's different when the endorsement  
comes from home.

Easy to prove local testimony.  
Read this Maysville case:  
M. C. Chisholm, 317 E. Second St.,  
Maysville, Ky., says: "There was a  
time when my kidneys were badly dis-  
ordered and I was annoyed by many  
symptoms of kidney complaint. Doan's  
Kidney Pills, procured at Wood & Son's  
Drug Store, removed the trouble and  
my good health since then is evidence  
of their merit. I have seen many other  
cases where Doan's Kidney Pills have  
proven their worth. My former endorse-  
ment of this remedy still holds good."  
Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't sim-  
ply ask for a kidney remedy—get  
Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr.  
Chisholm had. Foster-Milburn Co.,  
Prop., Buffalo, N. Y.

### PASTIME TODAY

A Two-Reel Rex Drama  
"THE LAW OF HIS KIND"  
"THE ELIXIR OF LOVE"  
Imp.  
Also a Good Comedy.  
4 BIG REELS FOR 5c  
COMING—The Vernon Castles in their  
late dances.

### WASHINGTON THEATER.

AUGUSTUS PHILLIPS, ELIZABETH  
MILLER AND MIRIAM NESBITT  
—IN—  
"A QUESTION OF HATS  
AND GOWNS"

Edison Drama in Two Parts  
"AN INDIAN'S HONOR"  
Kalem Drama.  
"SENTIMENTAL SISTERS"  
Biograph  
Four High Class Pictures for 5c.  
ADMISSION 5c

### Graduation

— AND —

### Wedding Presents!

Our stock consists  
of the most elabo-  
rate assortment of  
exquisite articles.  
Your inspection is  
solicited. . . . .

CHAS. W. TRAXEL & CO.  
PHONE 30

## Lovel's Specials!

STRAWBERRIES ARE NOW COMING. In a few days the  
HOMEGROWN varieties will be on the market. The prospects are  
for a bountiful supply. Later on RASPBERRIES and other fruits  
will be coming. During the season my house as Usual Will Be  
The Headquarters for all the various kinds. As I have my usual ar-  
rangements with the best growers in both TENNESSEE and the  
OHIO VALLEY I shall be in position to meet all the demands and  
furnish the best fruits grown, on same days as they are picked.  
WHOLESALE and RETAIL. So when you want the best come to  
me.

My stock of FANCY GROCERIES is at all times full and com-  
plete and prices lowest.

The biggest and best stock of Coffees, Teas and Sugar; also a  
full supply of country cured HAMS and BACON of the very best  
kind. Canned goods in immense quantities. In fact every article of  
the very best usually found in a FIRST CLASS GROCERY. I  
buy all my goods direct from first hands for SPOT CASH and have  
no fear of successful competition. I buy country cured Hams and  
Bacon and produce generally for which I pay cash or goods at  
SPOT CASH PRICES.

My usual invitation to country people when in our city to  
make my house headquarters still stands, and don't forget that I  
WHOLESALE as well as RETAIL.

R. B. LOVEL, THE LEADING GROCER,  
Wholesale and Retail.  
PHONE 83.

### EUREKA

means we have found it. Just the thing that is necessary in the  
stove line. See our new kitchen COMBINATION COAL AND  
GAS RANGE—always ready, winter or summer, early or late.  
Made of cast iron—four holes for gas, four holes for coal. Use  
same oven, either coal or gas. Only one flue connection, occu-  
pying no more space than an ordinary range. No higher in price.

GEORGE H. TRAXEL, Corner Third and Limestone  
Streets.

## An A. D. S. Preparation

for every ill. We guarantee satisfaction. Try

A. D. S. PEROXIDE CREAM.

JOHN C. PECOR, Druggist

New white ratine skirts at Merz Bros.

Generally speaking, an agreeable  
man is one who is a candidate for of-  
fice.

The president of one of the oldest  
savings banks in San Francisco com-  
mitted suicide. The bank is solvent.

Four men were killed and a fifth was  
probably fatally injured by an explo-  
sion of dynamite at a construction camp  
near Monongahela, Pa.

Unless the traction lines, running  
north out of Louisville fix through rates  
by July 1 the Interstate Commerce Com-  
mission will do it for them.

Sylvia Pankhurst threatened to "lie  
on the steps of the House of Commons  
without food or water until Asquith  
consents to receive a deputation."

Caywood & McClintock, of Paris,  
shipped a double deck car of lambs to  
Jersey City, Saturday night, and made  
another shipment of lambs to the same  
market Monday evening. The lambs  
were bought from Bourbon farmers and  
cost 7 cents per pound.

Public taste is improving in the re-  
spect that the demand for the Wild  
West show is less acute than formerly.

Kentucky members of the graduating  
class at Annapolis, who will receive  
their diplomas from President Wilson  
stood high in rank.

The City Commissioners of Lexington  
have decided that a tobacco redrying  
plant is not a factory and is not en-  
titled to tax exemption.

Coollest Summer Underwear in town  
at Merz Bros.

### TERRIBLE ITCHING

Cured by Saxo Salve  
Hopkinsville, Ky.,—"For 20 years I  
suffered with eczema of the scalp. I tried  
every eczema remedy on the market  
without benefit. But after using one  
tube of Saxo Salve I am free from that  
terrible itching for the first time in 20  
years. I wish every eczema sufferer  
could know about Saxo Salve."—T. F.  
THOMPSON, Hopkinsville, Ky.  
If we can't cure your skin trouble  
with our Saxo Salve and Saxo Soap we  
will buy back the empty tube.  
John C. Pecor, Druggist, Maysville, Ky.

### THE BUSINESS MEN OF TODAY

are fully aware of the value of good dressing as a  
business asset. They regard well made, perfect  
fitting attire as much of an essential as the at-  
tractive qualities of a well kept store or office.  
The only question is who is the tailor who can  
make them the most satisfactory garments?  
There can be no question of doubt if you place  
your order with us. Remember this is the only  
store in this section where you can buy Ed. V.  
Pecor's name to measure clothes. See the new  
broads we are showing for \$15 to \$25, they are  
repeaters. Remember we repair all our dry clean  
work free of charge in a workmanlike manner.

C. F. McNAMARA



"Johnny  
on the Spot"

When Breakfast has to be prepared in a hurry—  
When something appropriate is wanted quick for afternoon lunch—  
When thoughts of a hot kitchen appall one—  
When the appetite calls for something deliciously good and nourishing—

## Post Toasties

—with cream, and say—berries or peaches.

These sweet flakes of corn—roasted crisp—satisfy summer needs. Ready  
to eat from the package—no bother—no work—no fussing. A food with de-  
lightful flavour.

Grocers everywhere sell Post Toasties.



**R. L. BENN**  
will speak  
**SUNDAY NIGHT**  
at  
**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**  
to  
**HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES**  
Go early to get good seats.

**DR. E. L. POWELL**  
of Louisville  
**TUESDAY NIGHT**  
at  
**HIGH SCHOOL**  
And if you are not Satisfied, we  
will give your money back.

**Geo. H. Frank & Co.**  
Nashville's Foremost Clothiers.

**PUBLIC LEDGER**

**PERSONAL**

Mr. Abe Galanty is here from Lexington, to spend his vacation.

Mr. Chambers Zwigart of the Ohio Mechanics Institute, Cincinnati, is home for vacation.

Mrs. George Traxel and niece, Miss Alice Knight, are visiting relatives and friends at Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. W. F. Munzing of Dover is here for a visit with her son, Mr. W. A. Munzing of Forest avenue.

Mrs. A. F. Felts returned Friday from a four weeks' visit to relatives in Grayson, Ashland and Huntington.

Misses Lula Baugh and Myrtle Roberson have returned home from a visit to Mrs. Carl Roberson of Maysville.

Prof. and Mrs. J. A. Caldwell, of Minerva, leave next Wednesday for Chicago, where they will attend the University.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Carr arrived from Huntington Wednesday and are guests of his mother, Mrs. Roe Carr, in the East End.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Blevins and little child, of near Maysville, were guests of relatives here the past week.—Mt. Sterling Gazette.

Miss Ada Walters of East Third street left Wednesday morning to make her home with Mrs. George W. Pollitt, now at Mankato, Minnesota.

Mr. Roy Porter is home on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Porter. Mr. Porter is now recognized as one of the coming actors on the American stage.

Mr. C. G. Degman, who has been taking a course in bookkeeping at Berea College, is now at Maplewood, the home of his mother, Mrs. C. C. Degman at Springdale. Mr. Degman is a high-toned gentleman and he will embark in business in Maysville.

Miss Blanch Ross, of Sharon, will leave Saturday to attend the Commencement of Eastern Kentucky State Normal, where her sister, Mary will graduate. Miss Mary will remain for the summer term to specialize in branches of her chosen work. Mrs. Belle Anderson, of Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, returned to her home Saturday, after a visit of two weeks to Mrs. Lizzie Anderson. After a short stay at her apartments in Cincinnati and at her farm at Melbourne she will visit her daughter in Dayton, Ohio. She will go to New York to meet another daughter who will sail for Europe about the 15th.—Dover News.

Miss Mildred Bains has returned to her home on Riverview Terrace after attending school the past season at Christian College, Columbia, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Ort, and daughter, Kathryn, spent Sunday the guest of his mother in Maysville. Mr. and Mrs. Will Groppenbacher and two children, of Maysville, were guests of her sister, Mrs. John Mann, Sunday. Norman Bowman, who has been attending school in Maysville, returned home Tuesday.—Vanceburg Sun.

John Boler and wife, of Covington, spent Sunday as guests of his parents at Chatham. John has been in the employ of the C. & O. at Covington the past several years, but has been transferred to Maysville, where he will have charge of the automatic signals, and will move. Mrs. J. J. Wood has returned from a visit at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Staker, in Maysville.—Augusta Chronicle.

**MAYSVILLE BEATEN BY IRONTON 8 TO 3.**

Ironton, O., June 4.—The Nailers hit the old pill for keeps today with Smith and Nally leading in the slugging. Chapman protested the game in the fourth because of a close decision at the plate. Dieterich's fielding was a feature. The score:

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—  
Maysville . . . . . 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 2—3  
Ironton . . . . . 3 0 0 2 1 0 2 0 X—8

Errors—Donovan, Dieterich, McDaniel, Nally. Two base hits—Smith, Nally. Three base hits—Pezold, Dieterich. Sacrifice hits—Bell, Donovan, Dasher. Stolen base—Bell. Double plays—Dieterich to Emery, Clauser to Nally to Smith. Struck out—By Raemes 1, by Dasher 6, by Donovan 1. First base on balls—Off Dasher 1. Hit by pitcher—Barrett. Left on bases—Maysville 5, Ironton 6. Wild pitch—Raemes. Time—1:35. Umpire—Kuhn.

**PEACH CROP SOLD**

Warren County Growers Will Get \$1.60 a Bushel.

Bowling Green.—Hubert D. Graham, representing the Peach Growers Association of Warren County, closed a contract for his crop, estimated at from eighteen to twenty-five cars, the buyers being Schatz Brothers, of Chattanooga, representing the Buffalo Fruit Exchange. The price delivered on the cars here is \$1.60 a bushel. The prospect for the peach crop is now quite good, and the delivery will begin in July.

**IN THIRD CLASS**

Roosting of Carlisle Postoffice Shows Progress of Town.

The Carlisle postoffice has been raised to the third class, and beginning July 1 the salary of the postmaster will be increased from \$1,700 to \$1,800 a year. The official notice from the Postoffice Department has just been received by Postmaster A. B. Tilton.

Carlisle is one of the most progressive little cities in Kentucky. It also has a newspaper correspondent who knows how to make a mountain out of a mole hill.

**RAILROAD ACCIDENTS**

Decrease Is Shown for Quarter Which Ended December 31, 1913.

Washington, June 4.—A total decrease of 175 persons killed and 547 injured in all classes of railroad accidents was shown in the accident bulletin issued to day by the Interstate Commerce Commission for the quarter ended December 31, 1913, as compared with the corresponding quarter of 1912. There was also a decrease of 386 in the number of train accidents.

The report shows 1,450 collisions and 2,307 derailments for the quarter, with property damage of \$3,090,360.

Practically all of the figures show decreases.

Proud as you are of the daughter, and proud as she is of graduation honors—there is soon to be a memory of such events unless a portrait keeps the record of each milestone of youth.

Our styles of school pictures are appropriate to the occasion.

**Brosee**  
The Photographer in Your Town.

**BASEBALL RESULTS**

**GAMES TODAY.**

**Ohio State League.**  
Portsmouth at Chillicothe.  
Charleston at Lexington.  
Maysville at Ironton.  
Huntington at Newport.

**National League.**  
St. Louis at New York.  
Chicago at Brooklyn.  
Cincinnati at Philadelphia.  
Pittsburgh at Philadelphia.

**American League.**  
St. Louis at Detroit.  
Cleveland at Chicago.  
No other games scheduled.

**YESTERDAY'S GAMES.**

**Ohio State League.**  
Lexington, 2; Charleston, 1.  
Portsmouth, 3; Chillicothe, 1.  
Maysville, 3; Ironton, 8.  
Huntington, 1; Newport, 3.

**National League.**  
Boston Brooklyn, rain.  
New York Philadelphia, rain.  
No other games scheduled.

**American League.**  
Cleveland, 0; Chicago, 2.  
Other games postponed, rain.

**STANDING OF THE CLUBS.**

Ohio State League.				
	Won	Lost	P. C.	
Lexington	22	13	.629	
Chillicothe	22	15	.595	
Portsmouth	20	15	.572	
Ironton	20	16	.556	
Charleston	18	19	.487	
Huntington	15	21	.414	
Maysville	14	21	.400	
Newport	13	22	.371	
National League.				
	Won	Lost	P. C.	
New York	23	13	.639	
Cincinnati	27	16	.628	
Pittsburgh	21	17	.553	
Brooklyn	22	23	.489	
Chicago	21	22	.488	
St. Louis	21	24	.467	
Philadelphia	17	20	.459	
Boston	12	24	.333	
American League.				
	Won	Lost	P. C.	
Washington	26	15	.634	
Philadelphia	24	14	.632	
Detroit	25	18	.581	
St. Louis	21	19	.525	
Boston	19	21	.475	
Chicago	19	25	.432	
New York	12	23	.423	
Cleveland	14	28	.333	

Ask the neighbor about "Acrolux" Porch Shades. Merz Bros.

Woodrow is the name of the new post-office that will be established soon in Breckinridge County. The office is named in honor of the President.

**Our Colored Citizens.**

The colored Odd Fellows of this city will go to Flemingsburg Sunday June 9th to attend memorial day services.

**WEATHER REPORT**

FAIR IS THE PREDICTION FOR TODAY; LOCAL SHOWERS SATURDAY.

**RIVER NEWS.**

River 6.7 feet and falling.

The name of the packet Steel City, formerly the Virginia, will be changed again. Captain William Irwin says she will be called the La Salle.

**MAYSVILLE PRODUCE MARKET**

Following are this morning's quotations on country produce, telephoned at 9 o'clock by the E. L. Manchester Produce Company:

Eggs . . . . . 15c  
Butter . . . . . 15c  
Hens . . . . . 10c  
Hens . . . . . 11c  
Spring chickens, weighing 1 1/2 lbs. . . . . 25c  
Old roosters . . . . . 7c  
Geese . . . . . 9c  
Turkeys . . . . . 13c

**CINCINNATI MARKETS**

**Live Stock.**  
Cincinnati, June 4.—Hog receipts 3,400; market steady. Cattle receipts 600; market slow; calves active, \$5.50@10.00. Sheep receipts 2,800; market steady.

**Grain.**  
Wheat steady, 95@96 1/2; corn easy, 74 1/2@75 1/2; oats steady, 41@41 1/2; rye steady, 60@70c.

**Provisions.**  
Butter steady; eggs firm, prime firsts, 18 1/2; eggs, 10 1/2@17 1/2; seconds, 10c; hens, 13c; springers, 25c.

All colors in Silk Stockings at 50c. Merz Bros.

**MISS THRELKELD TO MAKE EUROPEAN TOUR.**

Miss Hilda Threlkeld, the teacher of English in the Maysville High School, leaves June 9th for a two months' tour of Europe. From this city she goes to Quebec, Canada, where she will sail for Europe on June 11th.

**SOME PRINCIPLES**

Of County School Administration Adopted Thursday by the County Board of Education.

1. The State demands the duties of citizenship of every citizen.
  2. The citizen can not perform those duties without education.
  3. The child can not secure education without schools.
  4. An elementary school within walking distance of every child over six years old.
  5. The demand of modern life make high school education a semi-necessity to all and a necessity to some.
  6. It is not practicable to place a high school within walking distance of every child; but it is practicable and right to place such a school within riding distance of every child over fourteen years old.
  7. All parts of a county be treated as nearly alike as possible, that is, no favoritism should be shown by the County Board to any part of the county over another part of the county.
  8. The bounty of the County Board should be measured by the effort that a given section makes to help itself.
  9. The County Board should follow these principles in distributing money:
    - a.—First—It should be based upon the need of the people.
    - b.—Second—It should encourage effort.
    - c.—Third—Charity should be eliminated as far as possible.
- Elected teachers on Saturday, June 6th.
- Make salary schedule Saturday, June 13th.

**GET TOGETHER**

Meeting of G. O. P. Leaders Held at Louisville, and Sense of the Gathering is That Both Sides Should Make Concessions Sufficient to Present a Solid Front

Cicero Barnett and Louis Vissman Come Back to the Fold

Louisville, June 4.—Republican leaders throughout the State held a conference at Republican headquarters in the Galt House last night and discussed plans for cementing the breach between them and the Progressives with a view to presenting a united front in the coming race for United States Senator to succeed the Democrat to be named by Gov. McCreary as successor of the late Senator W. O. Bradley during the unexpired term.

Present at the conference were Cicero Barnett, of Hartford, who supported the Progressive ticket in the last general election, and Louis Vissman of Louisville, who also affiliated with the Progressives in the last municipal election. Each declared that he was back in line with the leaders of the Republican party and promised to do all in his power to bring about a union of the Republicans and Progressives throughout the State.

Will Meet Half Way.

Although nothing definite was done at the meeting last night, the sentiment seemed to be in favor of meeting the Progressives half way, provided they evince a willingness to join with the Republicans in the coming fight against the Democrats. It was suggested during the conference that the Progressives might be told that if they would fail to make a nomination for United States Senator, the Republicans would fail to make a nomination for Congress in this and probably some other districts in the State.

The suggestion was made that the Progressives be given equal representation on the Republican State Central Committee with Republicans. This suggestion came from State Senator J. P. Bosworth, of Middlesboro, candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress from the Eleventh district, who, in a brief address to those assembled, promised to do everything in his power to bring about a union of the Republicans and Progressives in his congressional district.

Besides those mentioned, others present at the conference last night were: Roy Wilhoit, former Gov. Augustus E. Wilson, Charles Scholl, Wm. Heyburn, William Marshall Bullitt, Louisville; Morris Galvin, Covington; W. D. Cochran, Maysville; Edwin Morrow, Somerset; D. C. Edwards, London; Robert H. Winn, Mt. Sterling; Harry Giovannoli, editor of the Lexington Leader; Thomas B. McGregor, Frankfort; Ludlow Petty, Judge George Du Relle, Louisville; W. H. Jones, Glasgow; J. M. Chilton, Louisville; Alvin H. and C. R. Clark, Christian County; Robert Hunter, Webster County; Homer Bryson, Carlisle; Henry Van Zant, Metcalfe County; Chas. Ballard and Samuel Anderson, Louisville; John H. Meyer, Newport; County Judge Baltz, of Newport; Dr. Robert Davidson, Stanford, and Edward Miller, Paducah.

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PIGEONS pay dollars where chickens pay cents; small capital needed; small space required; always panned up; ready markets; send for May is sue of our Journal; fully explained there; price ten cents. Reliable Squab Journal, Versailles, Mo. ju3-m

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FOUND—Pair of gold rimmed bifocal glasses. Owner can get same by calling at The Public Library and proving property.

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Tuna Fish, makes delicious salad, better than salmon.  
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4th . . . . .	220.38	14th . . . . .	901.33
5th . . . . .	279.70	15th . . . . .	981.27
6th . . . . .	340.30	16th . . . . .	1063.61
7th . . . . .	403.87	17th . . . . .	1148.44
8th . . . . .	469.78	18th . . . . .	1235.81
9th . . . . .	535.62	19th . . . . .	1325.88
10th . . . . .	604.48	20th . . . . .	1418.65

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